

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW™



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

EVENING-- AND A COOL NIGHT WIND OFF THE BAY BRINGS SAN FRANCISCO TO LIFE ONCE MORE.

SAN FRANCISCO: AN ANGULAR CITY BUILT ON ROLLER-COASTER HILLS...

SAN FRANCISCO: "VIEWED" THIS NIGHT FROM A PARTICULARLY UNUSUAL ANGLE BY A CERTAIN HORN-HEADED SUPERHERO...

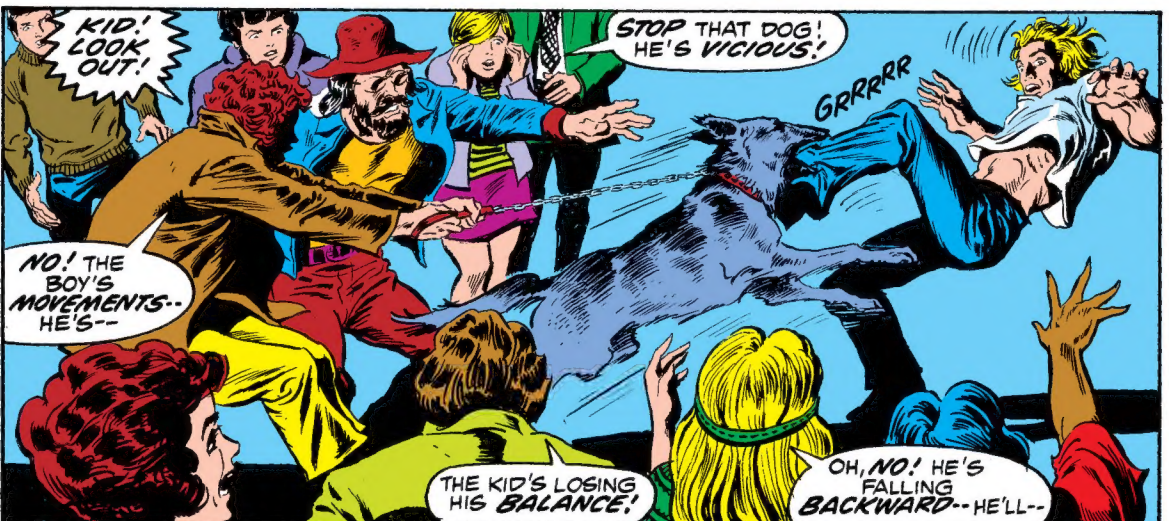
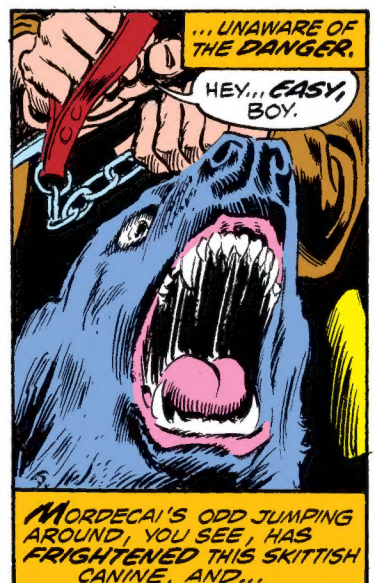
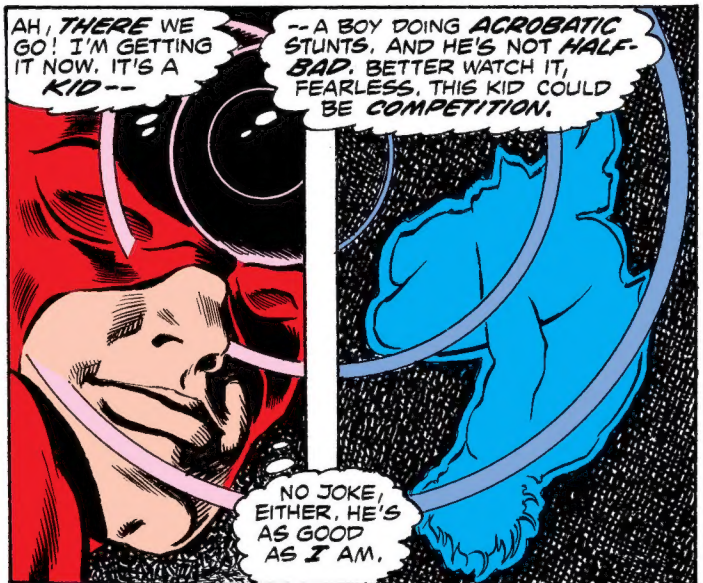
EVEN THE SMOG SMELLS BETTER IN THIS TOWN! IT'S NIGHTS LIKE THIS--

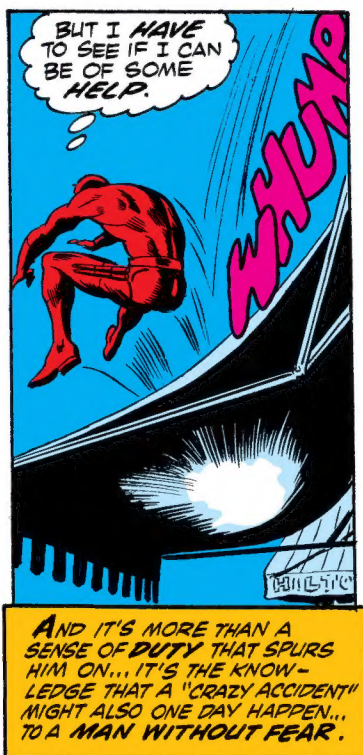
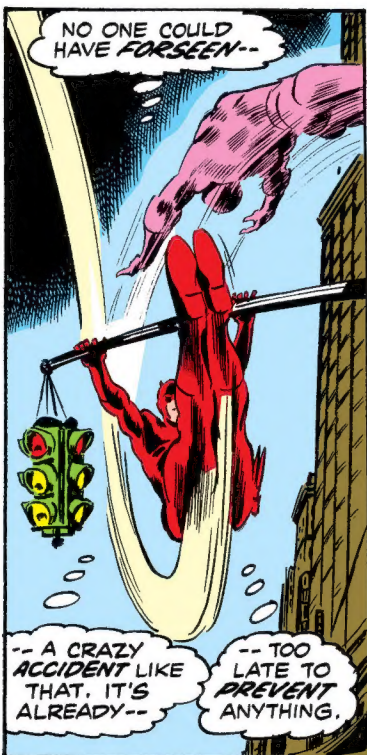
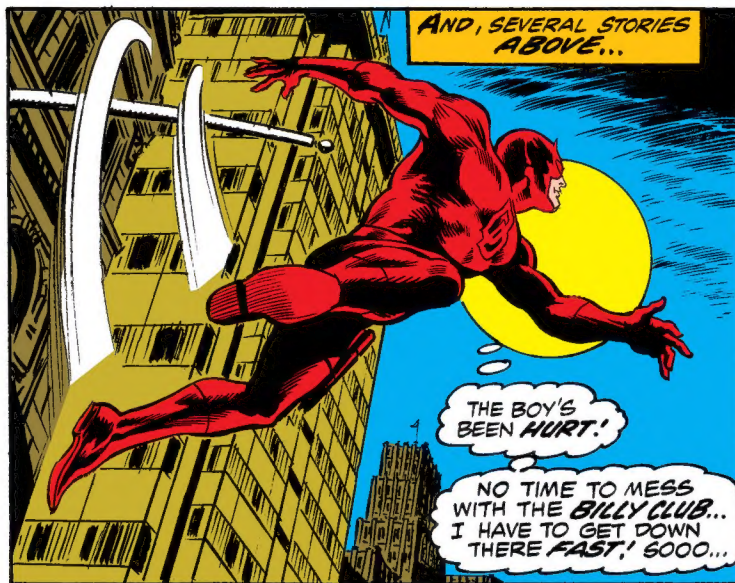
-- THAT MAKE ME GLAD I LEFT NEW YORK BEHIND.

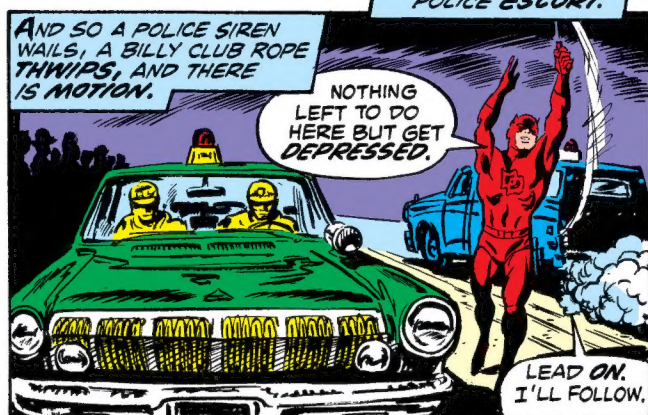
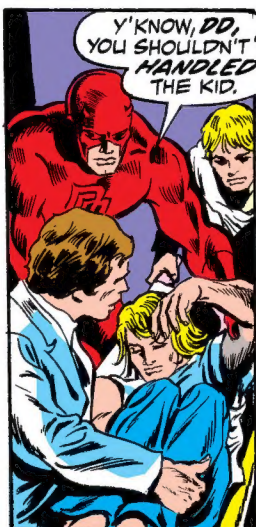
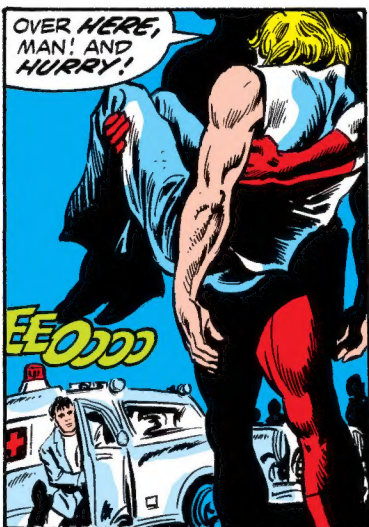
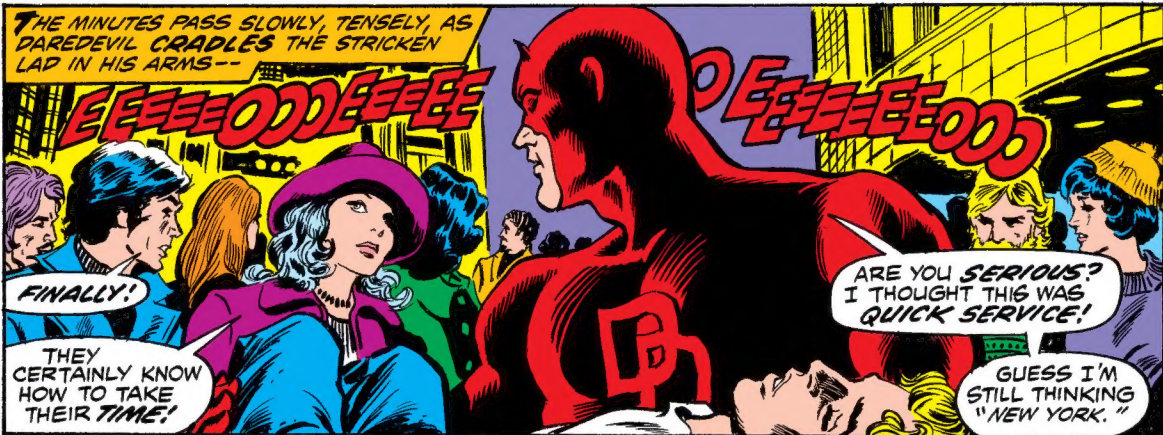
HMMM... QUITE A CROWD GATHERED AROUND THAT THEATRE... I'M PICKING UP DOZENS OF HEARTBEATS.

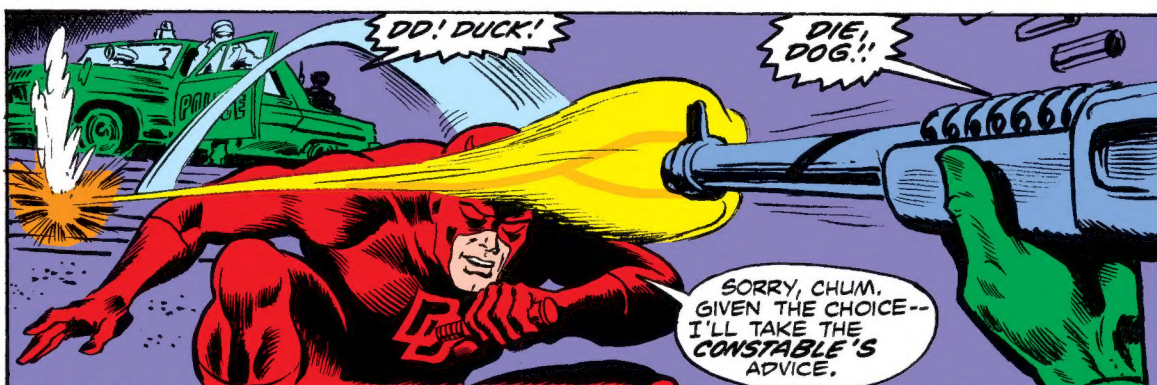
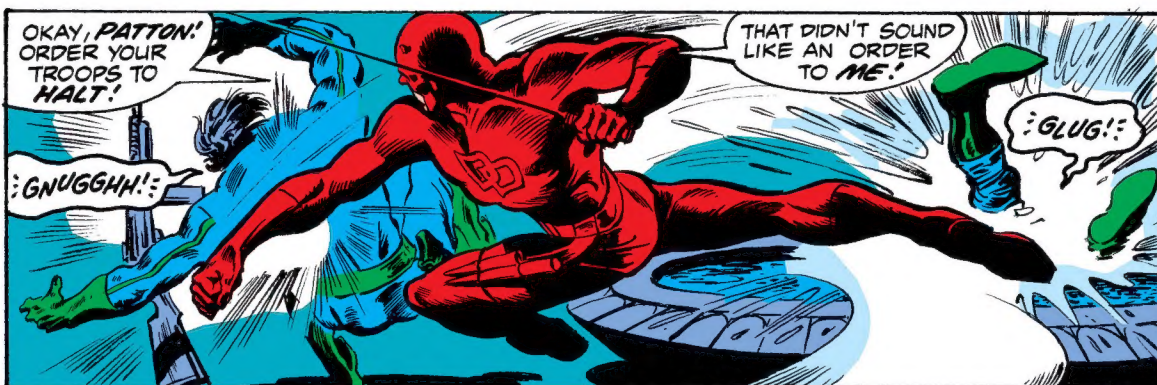
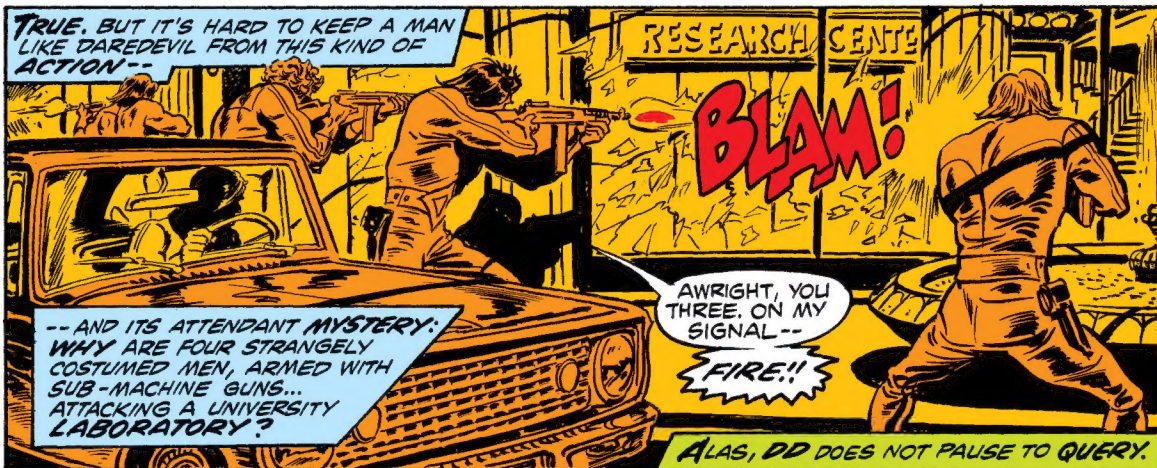
AND IT'S STILL PRETTY EARLY FOR THE SHOW TO BE STARTING...

GERRY CONWAY / STEVE GERBER / GENE COLAN / ERNIE CHUA / JOHN COSTANZA / ROY THOMAS, PLOT / SCRIPT / ART / INKS / LETTERING / EDITOR





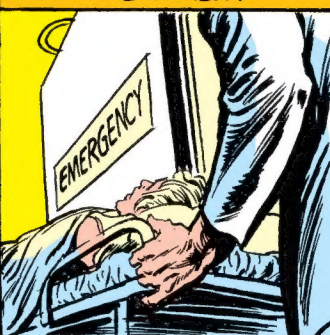




AND, AT THAT SELFSAME INSTANT, YOUNG MORDECAI JONES IS WHEELED INTO THE HOSPITAL--

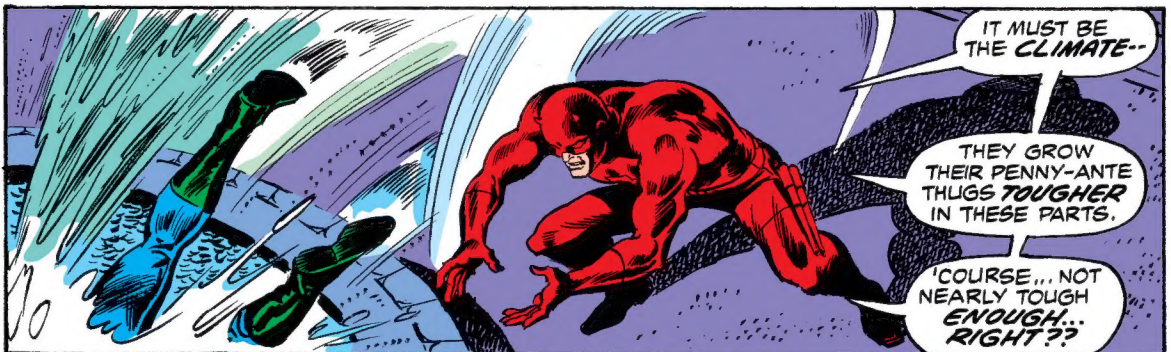
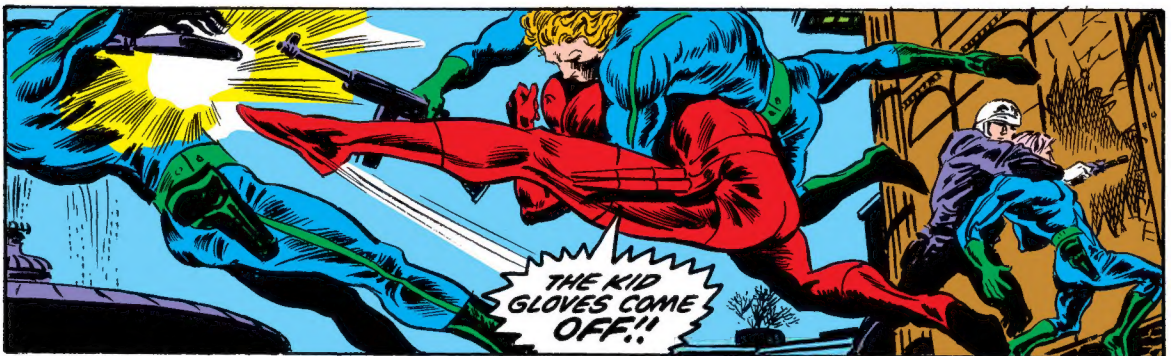
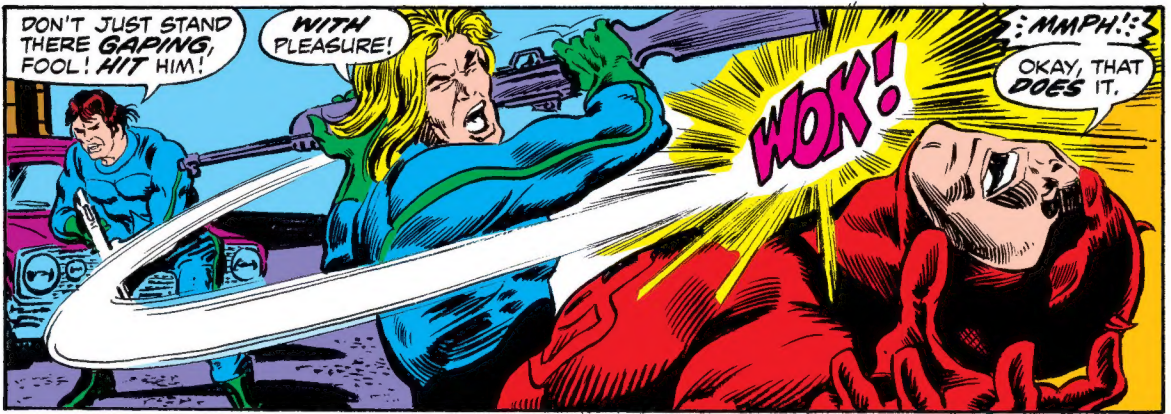


-- TAKEN BY AN INTERN TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM TO AWAIT TREATMENT--



-- PUSHED NEATLY INTO A CORNER OF THE CROWDED ROOM... AND SUMMARILY--





--FORGOTTEN IN THE TIDE OF INSURANCE FORMS, SIGN-IN SHEETS, REQUISITIONS, IDLE CHATTER, AND, OH YES... OTHER PATIENTS.

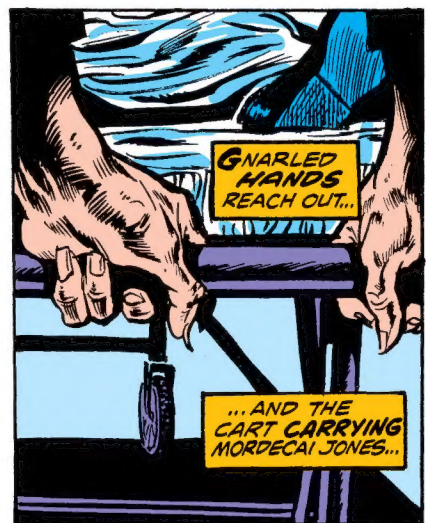
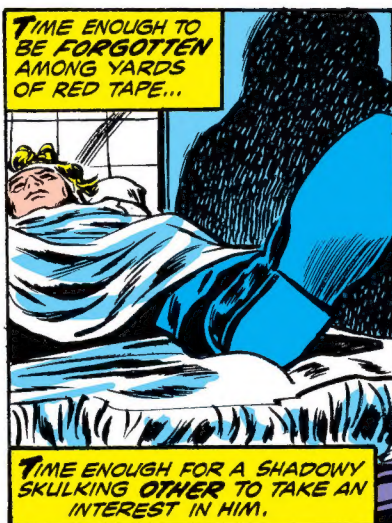
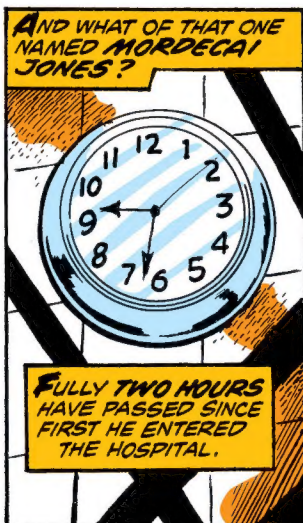
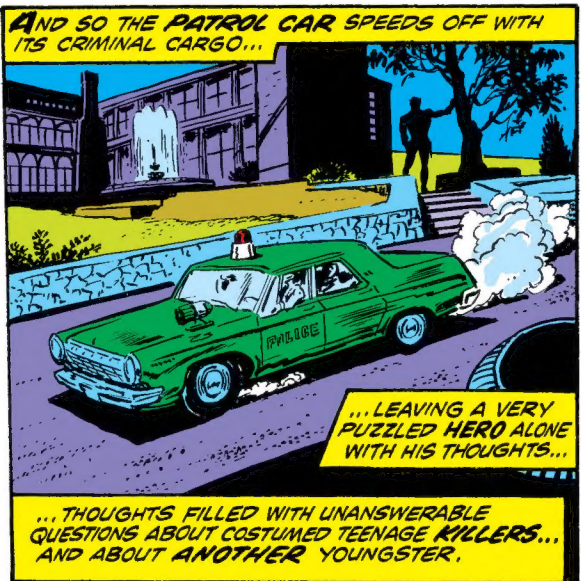
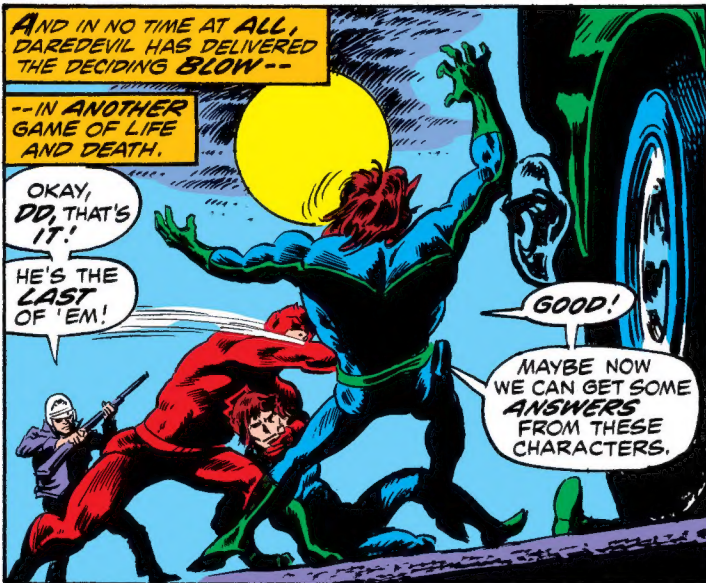


FOR A HOSPITAL IS A VERY LARGE PLACE, AND IN ORDER FOR IT TO FUNCTION SMOOTHLY, RULES MUST BE OBEYED, FIRST THINGS MUST COME FIRST...



... AND OTHERS MUST BE PUT ASIDE... UNTIL THERE IS TIME.





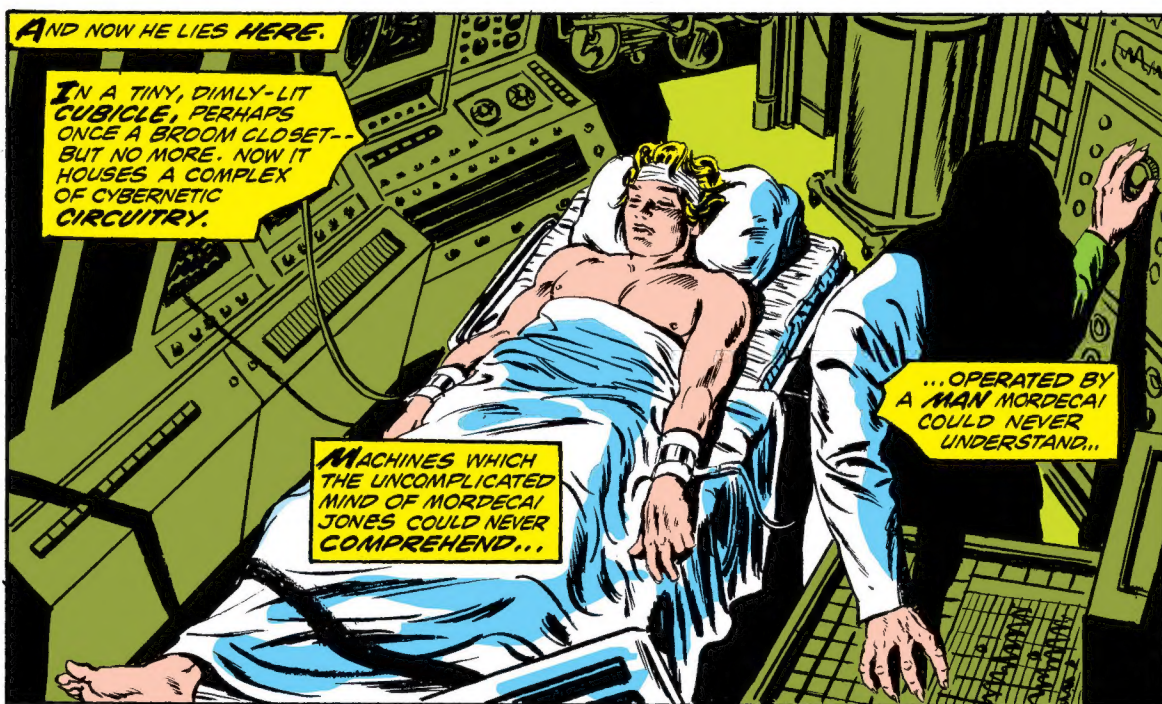


...IS WHEELED AWAY DOWN A DARKENED CORRIDOR...



...UNNOTICED BY THOSE WHO SHOULD 'VE CARED, SHOULD 'VE MINISTERED TO HIS NEEDS.

UNNOTICED BY ANGELS OF MERCY-TURNED-FILE CLERKS.



AND NOW HE LIES HERE.

IN A TINY, DIMLY-LIT CUBICLE, PERHAPS ONCE A BROOM CLOSET-- BUT NO MORE. NOW IT HOUSES A COMPLEX OF CYBERNETIC CIRCUITRY.

MACHINES WHICH THE UNCOMPLICATED MIND OF MORDECAI JONES COULD NEVER COMPREHEND...

...OPERATED BY A MAN MORDECAI COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND...



...A MAN WHOSE AGED, BONY HANDS WORK SWIFTLY, FASTENING AN INSULATED BAND, STUDDED WITH ELECTRODES, TO THE BOY'S HEAD.

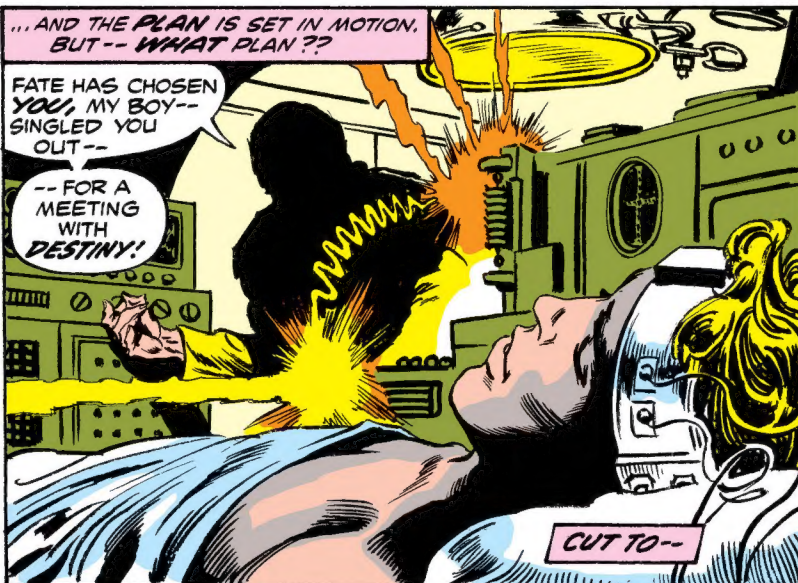
A FINGER FALLS LIGHTLY ON A **BUTTON**, CASSETTE WHEELS BEGIN TO TURN...



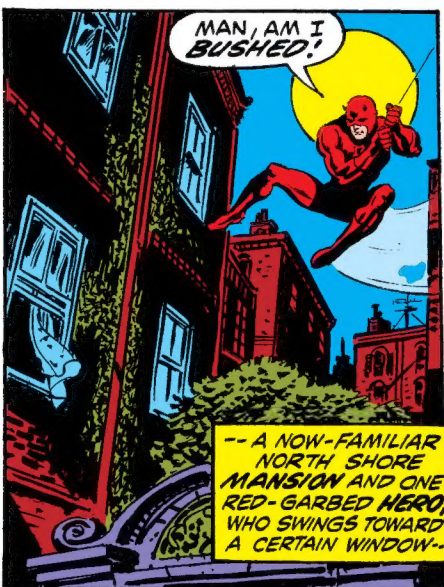
... AND THE **PLAN** IS SET IN MOTION. BUT-- **WHAT PLAN??**

FATE HAS CHOSEN **YOU**, MY BOY-- SINGLED YOU OUT--

-- FOR A MEETING WITH **DESTINY!**



MAN, AM I **BUSHED!**

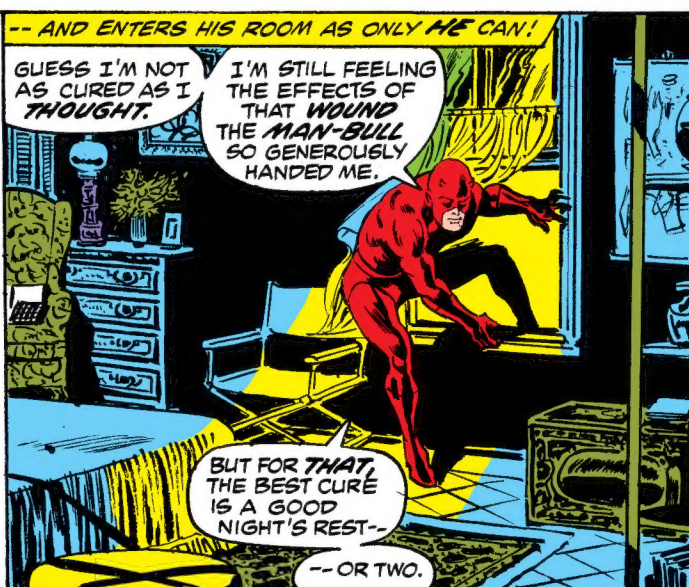


-- A NOW-FAMILIAR NORTH SHORE MANSION AND ONE RED-GARBED HERO, WHO SWINGS TOWARD A CERTAIN WINDOW--

-- AND ENTERS HIS ROOM AS ONLY **HE** CAN!

GUESS I'M NOT AS CURED AS I **THOUGHT**.

I'M STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THAT **WOUND** THE **MAN-BULL** SO GENEROUSLY HANDED ME.



BUT FOR **THAT**, THE BEST CURE IS A GOOD NIGHT'S REST--

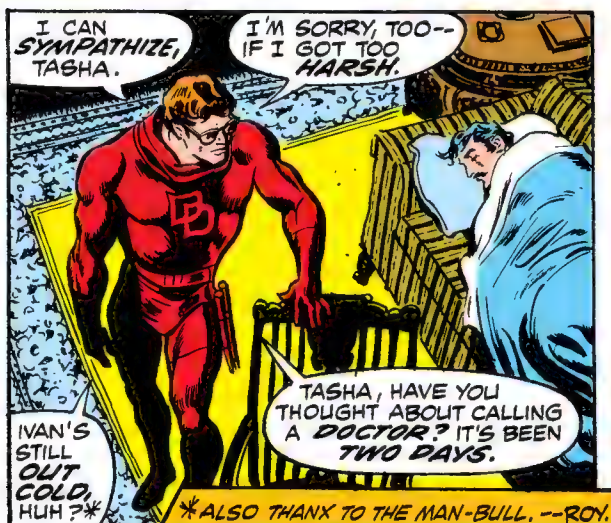
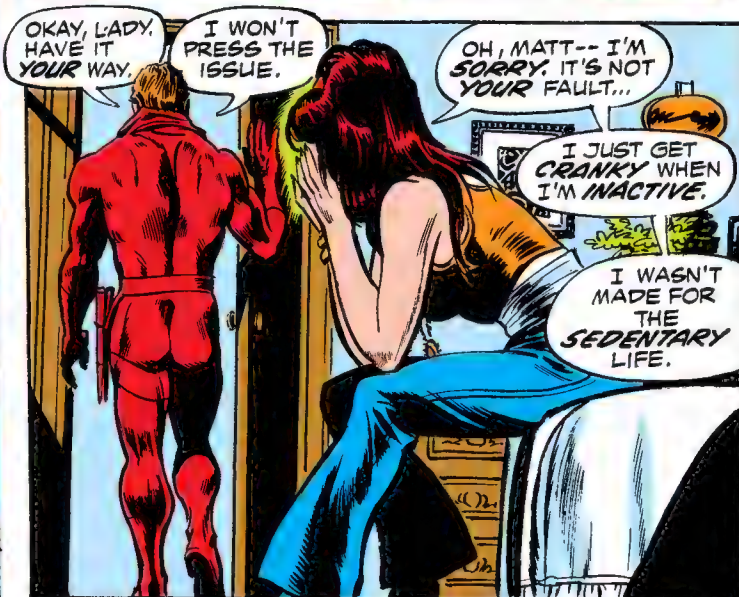
-- OR TWO.

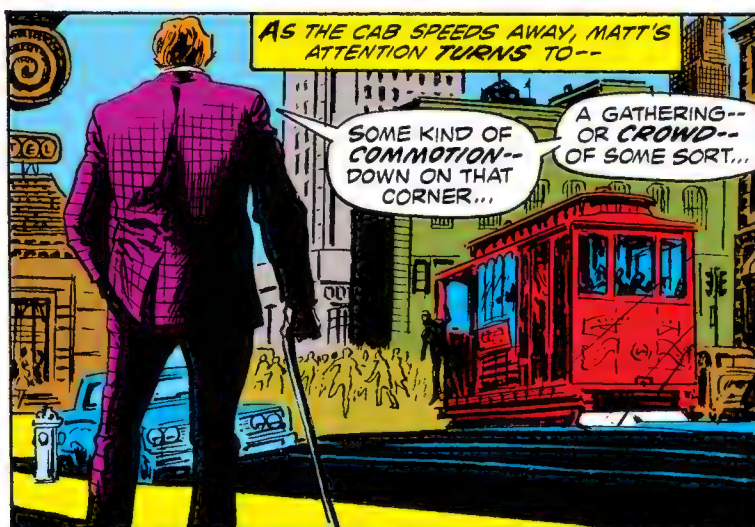
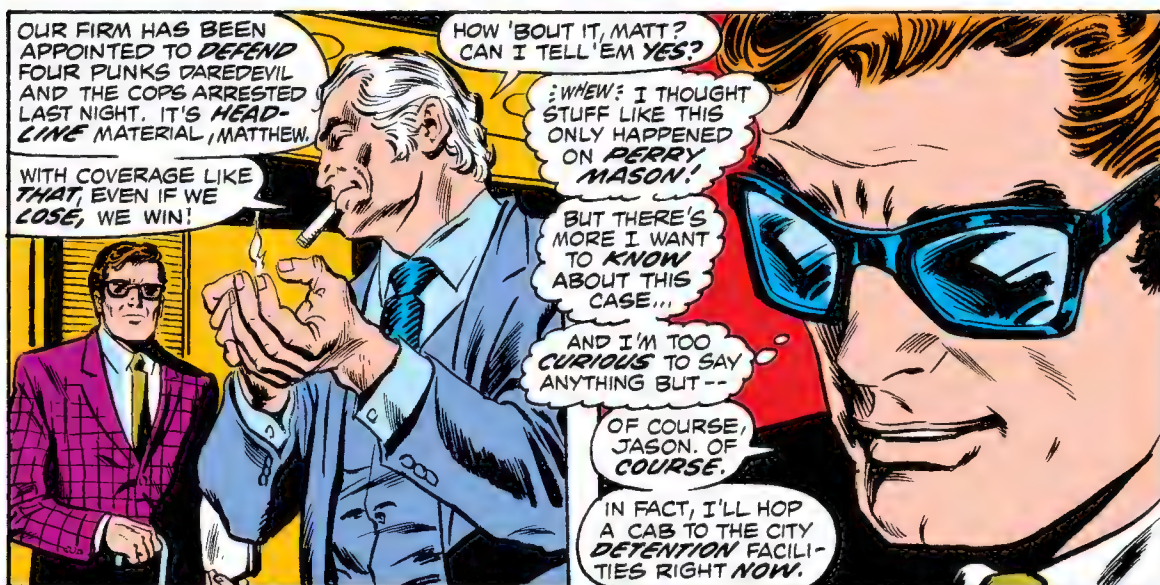
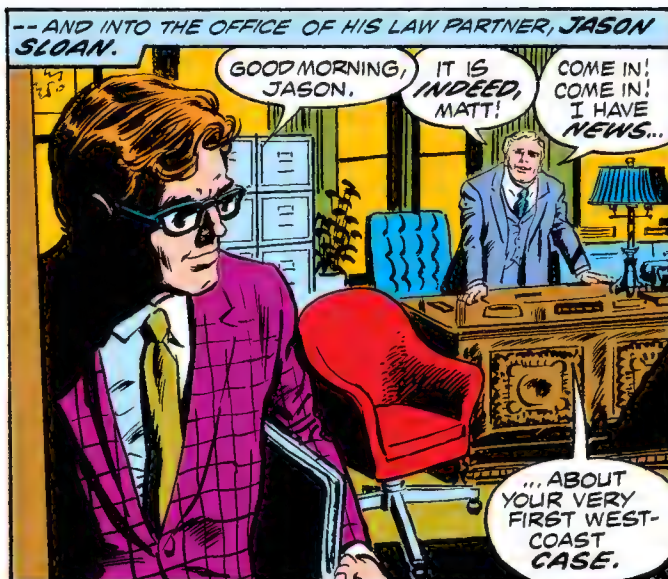
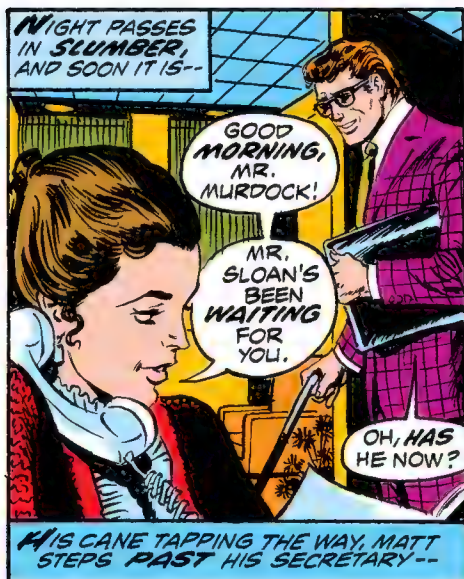
JUST WISH I COULD GET THAT **BOY** OFF MY MIND... I DON'T KNOW HIS **NAME**... OR WHICH HOSPITAL...

SO-- THE DASHING HERO COMES **HOME**.



I SUPPOSE IT'D BE FOOLISH TO ASK: "WHO'S THERE?"

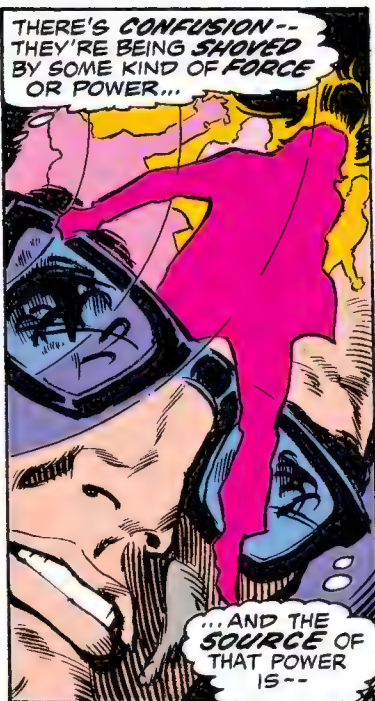






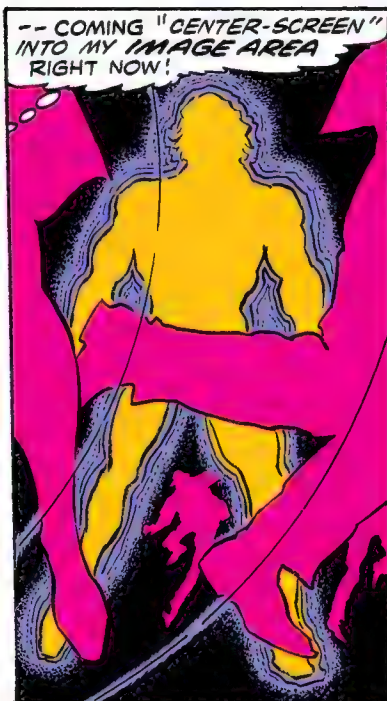
AH... THEY'RE PARTING NOW-- NO!

THOSE FOOTFALLS-- THEY'RE RUNNING-- IN FEAR--!



THERE'S CONFUSION-- THEY'RE BEING SHOVED BY SOME KIND OF FORCE OR POWER...

...AND THE SOURCE OF THAT POWER IS--



-- COMING "CENTER-SCREEN" INTO MY IMAGE AREA RIGHT NOW!



GOOD LORD!! WHAT IS HE ?? THE POWER OF HIS PRESENCE IS OVERWHELMING MY HYPER- SENSES!

STAND YE BACK, O CROWD, OR I SHALT STRIDE ON THEE--

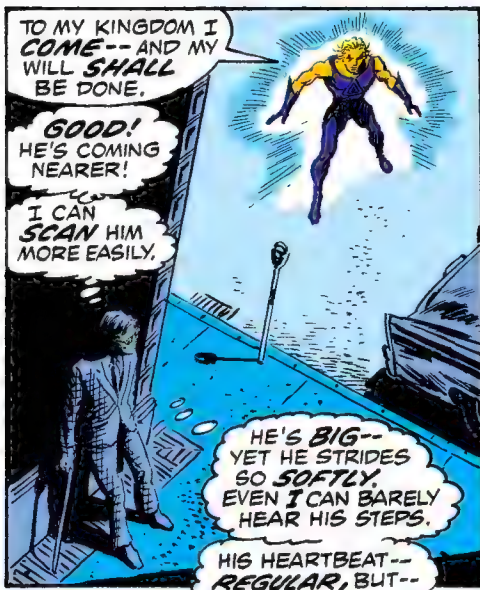
-- AS EASILY AS I MIGHT 'PON WATER.

FOR HOLINESS RESIDES WITHIN THIS FORCEFUL FRAME!

AND WHERE I WALK, CHOIRS OF ANGELS SHALL SING HYMNS OF IT EVERAFTER!

YEA, BACK, YE MULTITUDES OR FACE THE WRATH OF--

MORDECAI JONES-- THE DARK MESSIAH!!



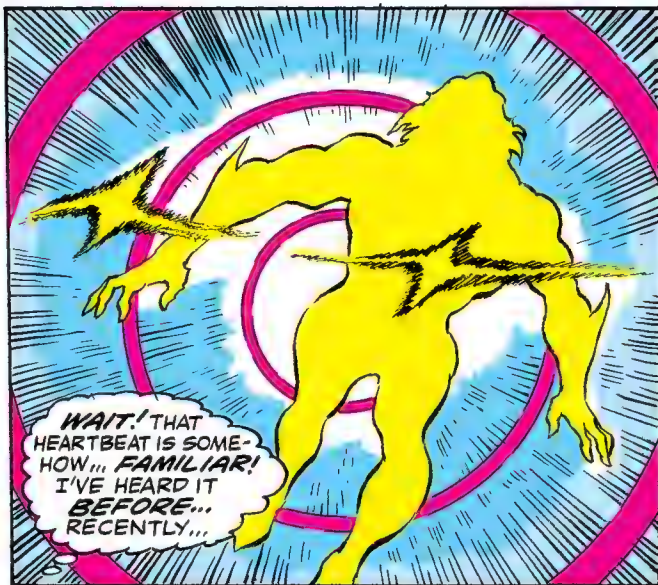
TO MY KINGDOM I
COME-- AND MY
WILL **SHALL**
BE DONE.

GOOD!
HE'S COMING
NEARER!

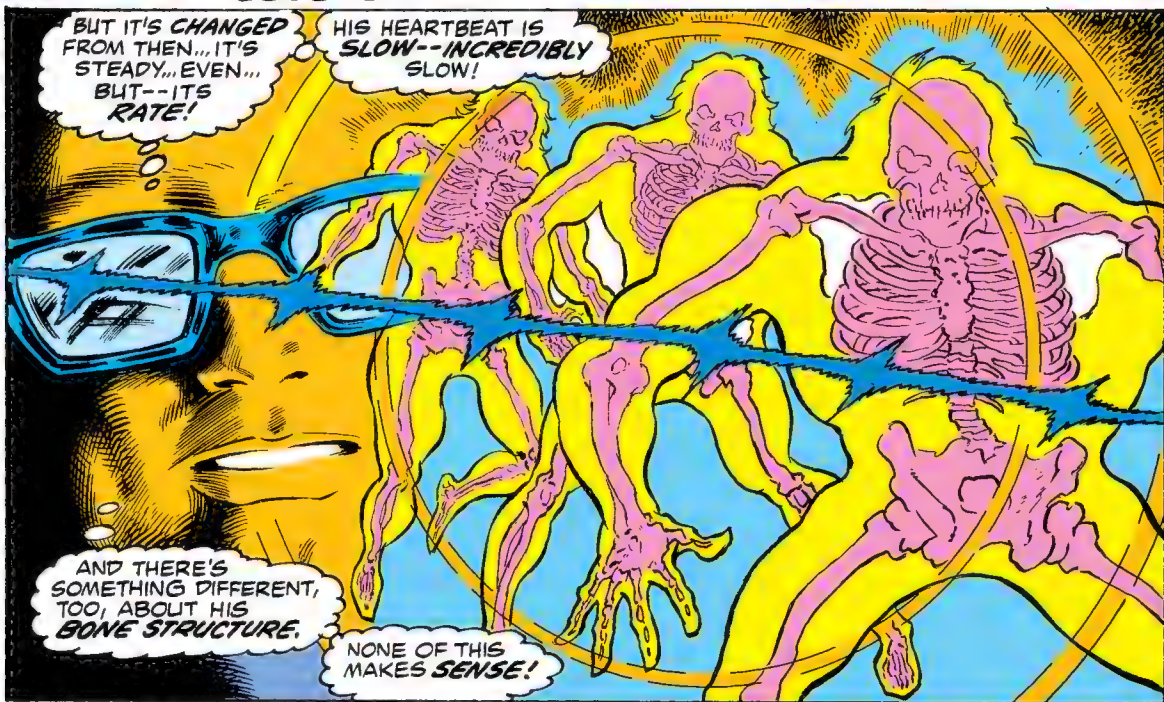
I CAN
SCAN HIM
MORE EASILY.

HE'S **BIG--**
YET HE STRIDES
SO **SOFTLY**.
EVEN I CAN BARELY
HEAR HIS STEPS.

HIS HEARTBEAT--
REGULAR, BUT--



WAIT! THAT
HEARTBEAT IS SOME-
HOW... **FAMILIAR!**
I'VE HEARD IT
BEFORE...
RECENTLY...



BUT IT'S **CHANGED**
FROM THEN... IT'S
STEADY... EVEN...
BUT-- ITS
RATE!

HIS HEARTBEAT IS
SLOW--INCREDIBLY
SLOW!

AND THERE'S
SOMETHING DIFFERENT,
TOO, ABOUT HIS
BONE STRUCTURE.

NONE OF THIS
MAKES **SENSE!**

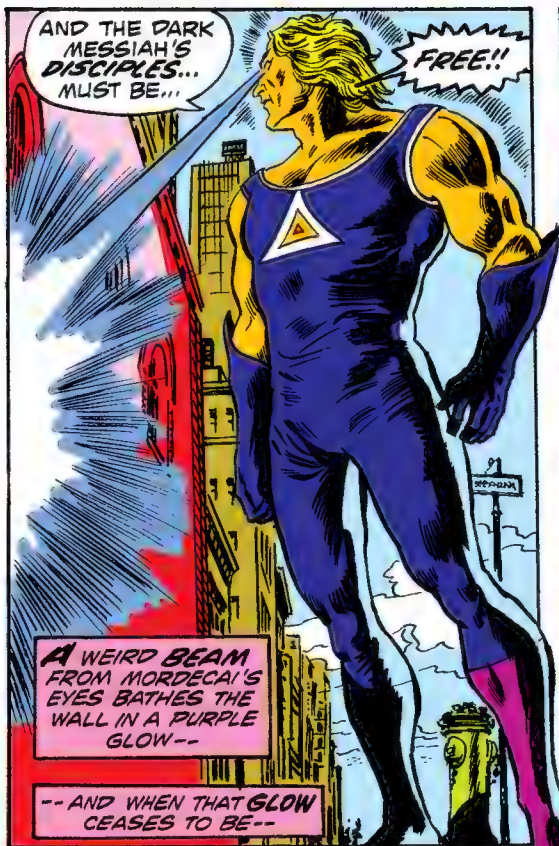


SUDDENLY, MORDECAI'S WALK
ENDS, HE PAUSES... AND
CASTS HIS GAZE ON THE
DETENTION HOUSE--

AH! I SENSE
THAT I HAVE
FOUND... THE
BELIEVERS!

BUT THEY
ARE...
CAGED.

-- AND HIS **EYES** BEGIN
TO **SHIMMER**
AND **GLOW!**

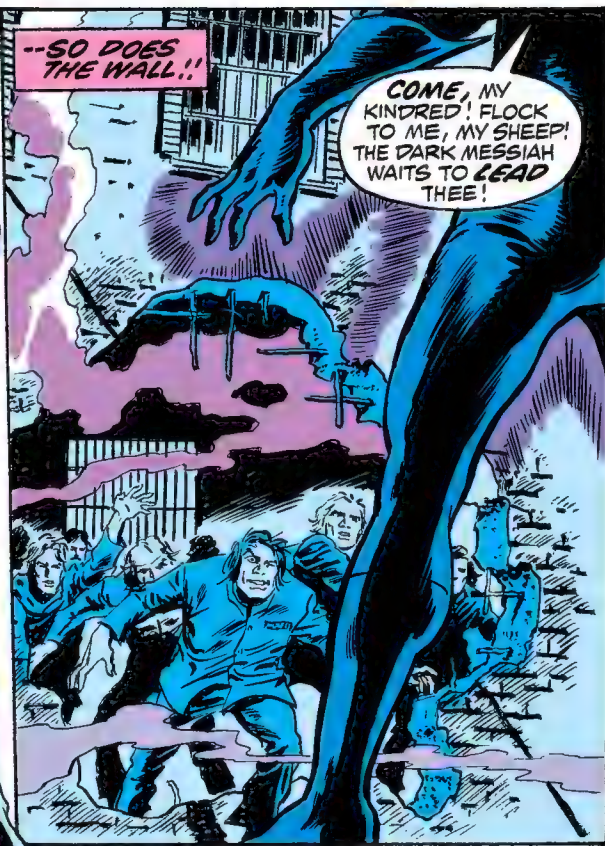


AND THE DARK
MESSIAH'S
DISCIPLES...
MUST BE...

FREE!!

A WEIRD BEAM
FROM MORDECAI'S
EYES BATHES THE
WALL IN A PURPLE
GLOW--

-- AND WHEN THAT GLOW
CEASES TO BE--



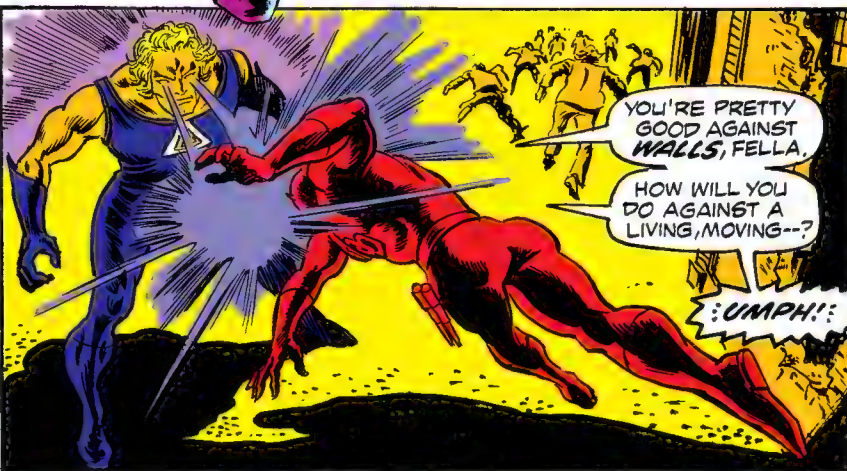
--SO DOES
THE WALL!!

COME, MY
KINDRED! FLOCK
TO ME, MY SHEEP!
THE DARK MESSIAH
WANTS TO LEAD
THEE!



WHATEVER
HE WAS...
WHATEVER
HE'S
BECOME...
HE'S JUST
LOOSED
AN ARMY
OF CRIMINALS
ON THE CITY.

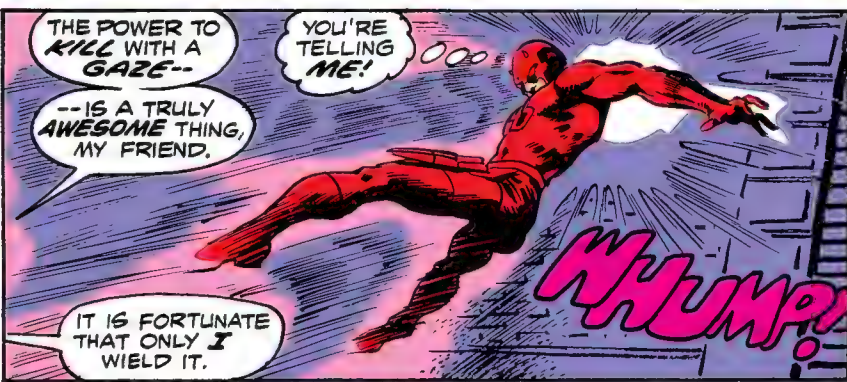
WHICH
MEANS...
IT'S TIME
DARE-
DEVIL
STEPPED
IN!



YOU'RE PRETTY
GOOD AGAINST
WALLS, FELLA.

HOW WILL YOU
DO AGAINST A
LIVING, MOVING--?

UMPH!!



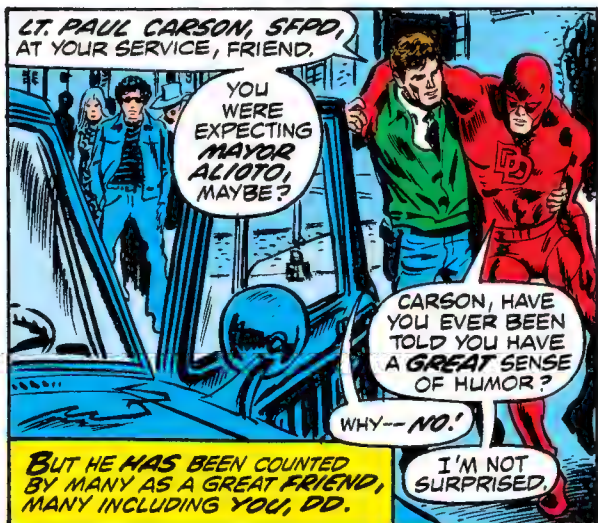
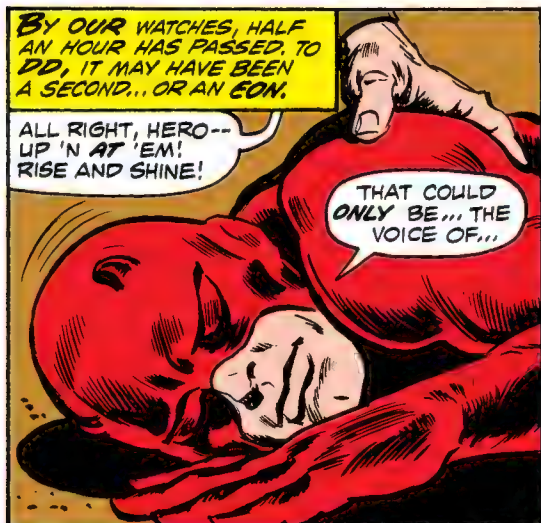
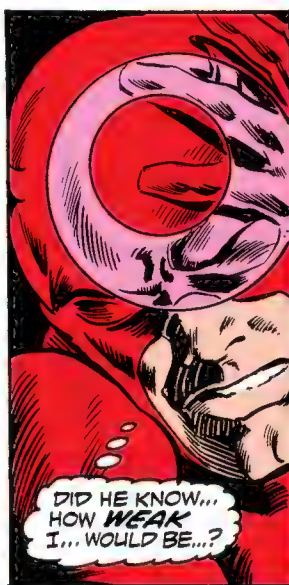
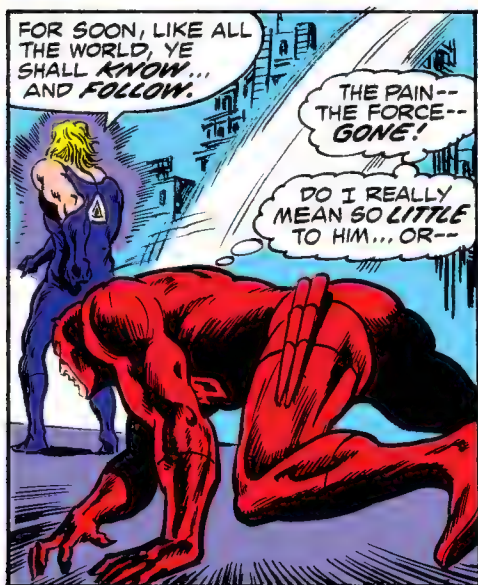
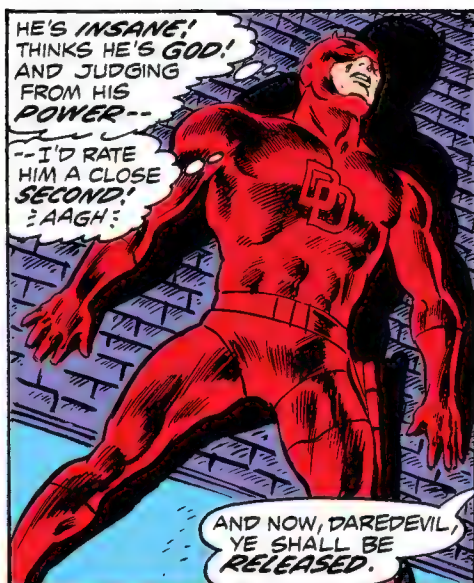
THE POWER TO
KILL WITH A
GAZE--

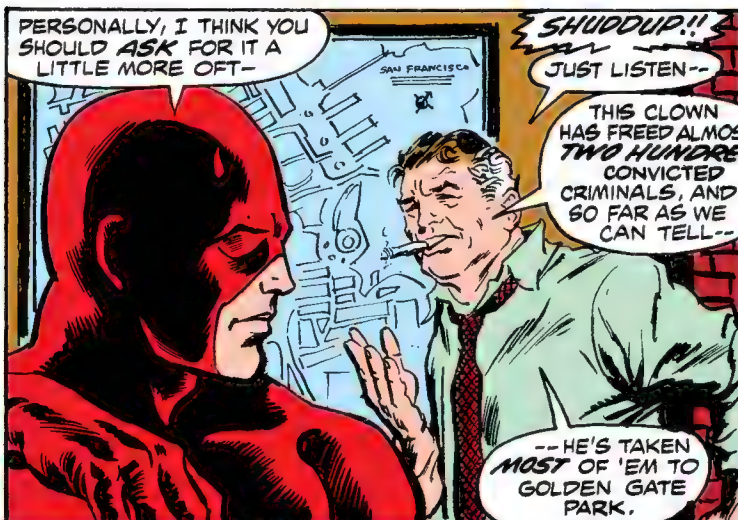
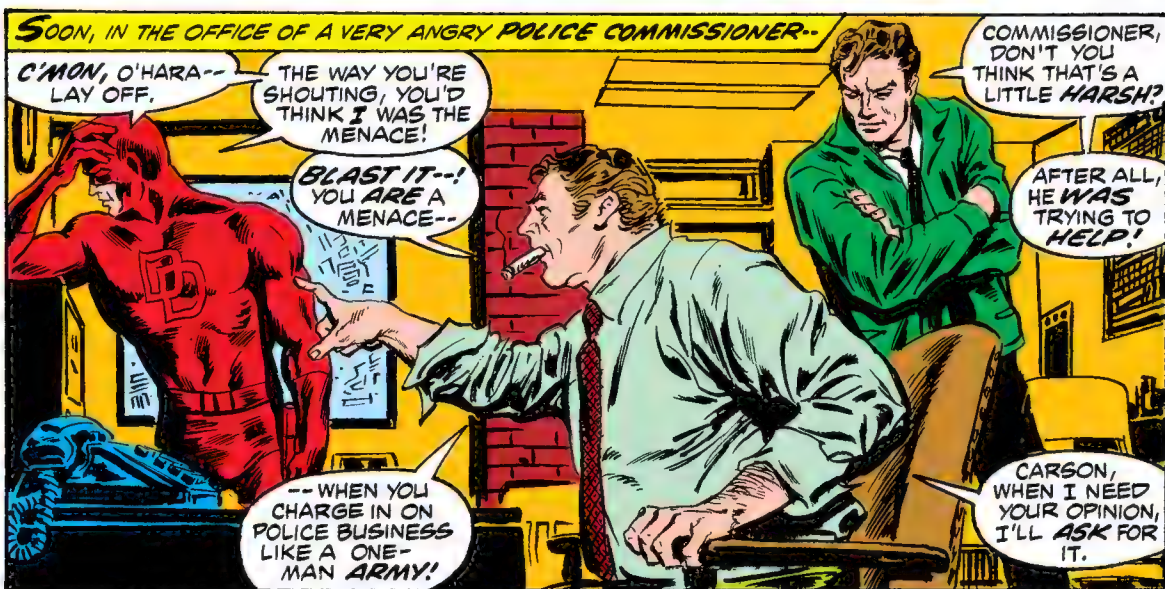
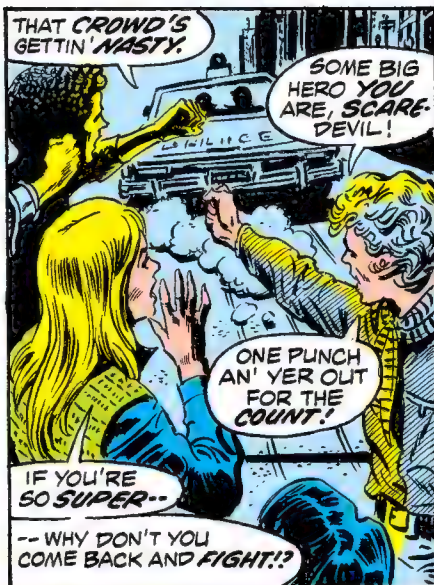
YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

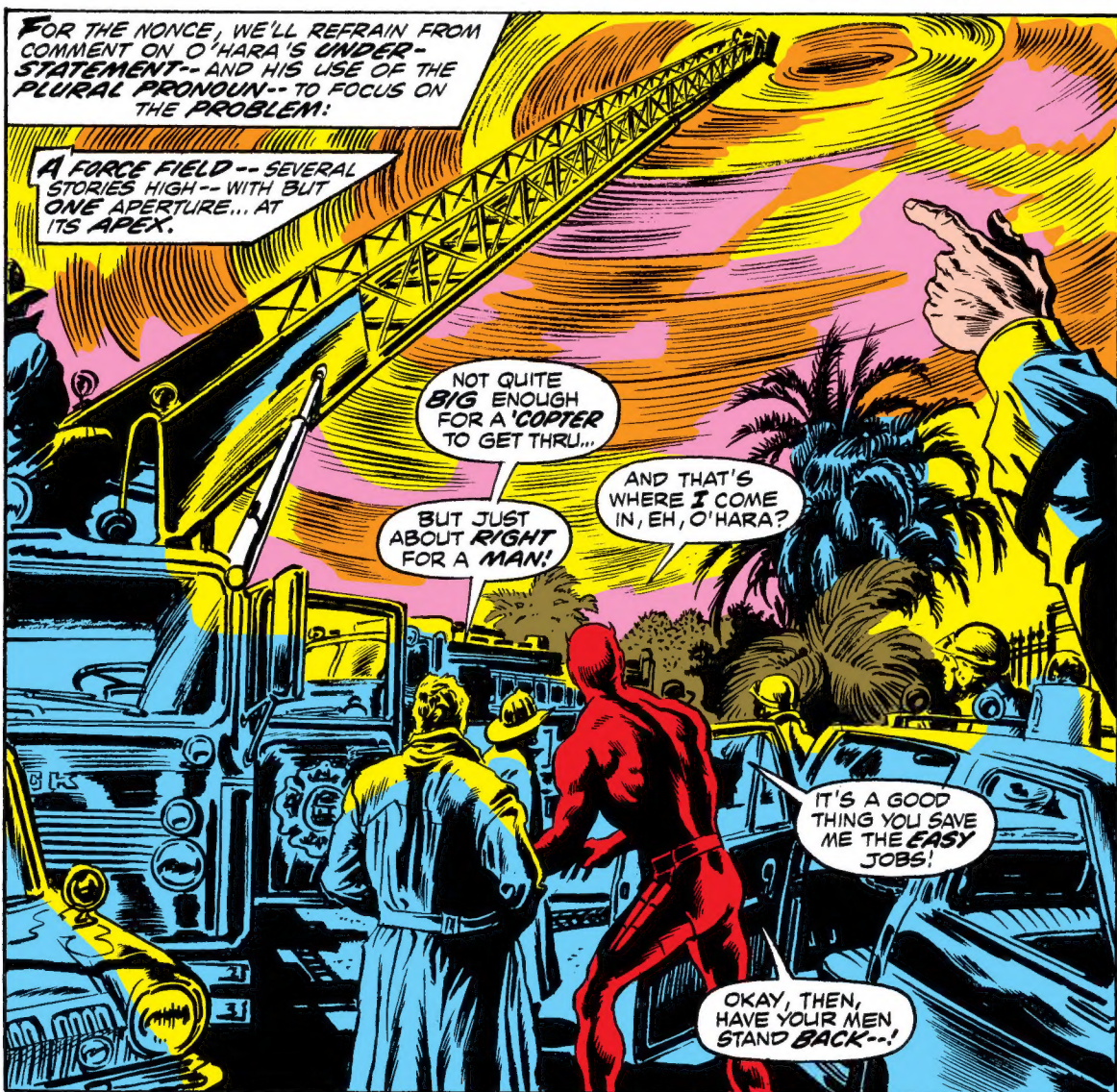
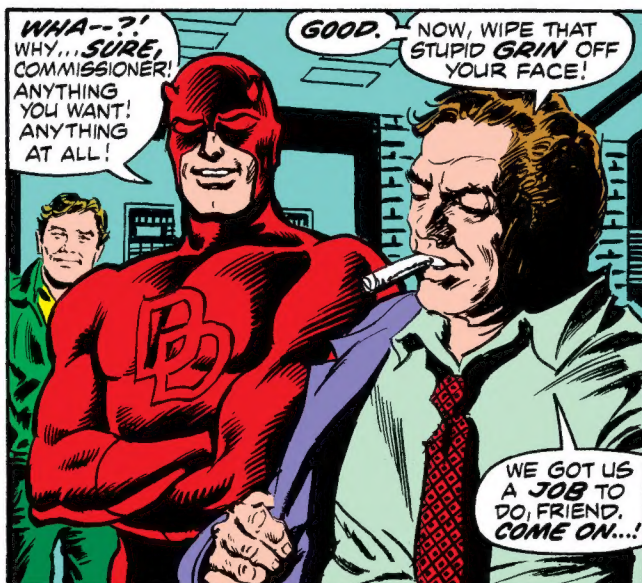
--IS A TRULY
AWESOME THING,
MY FRIEND.

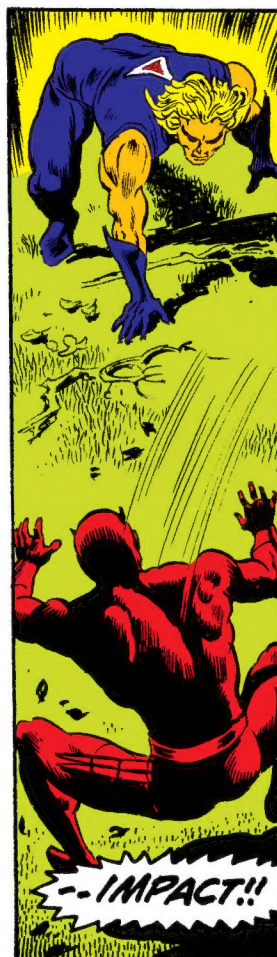
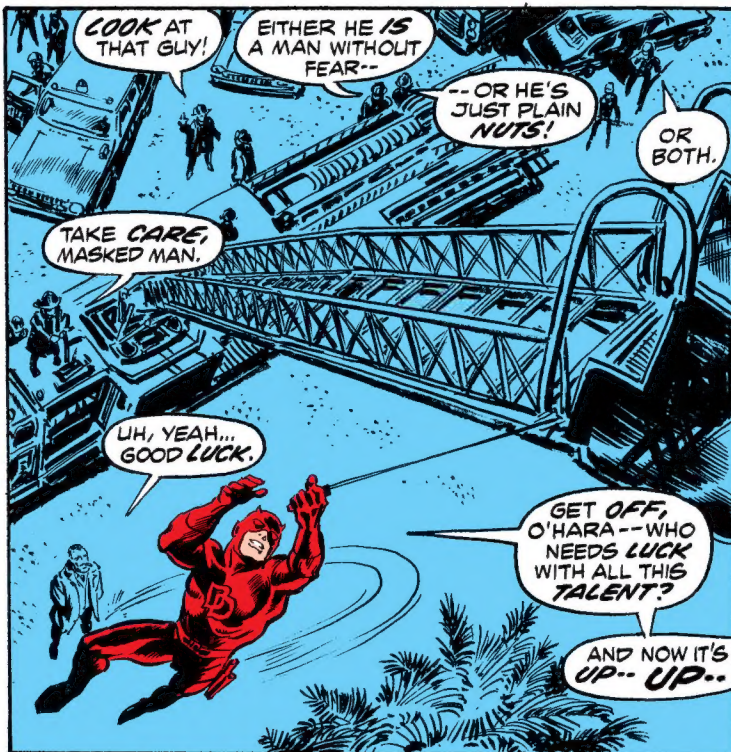
IT IS FORTUNATE
THAT ONLY I
WIELD IT.

WHUMP!











BLASPHEMER!! CLAD IN THE GARB OF SATAN YOU TRESSPASS ON SACRED GROUND!!

THUS MUST I DRIVE YOU FROM THIS TEMPLED SOIL--FOREVER!



AND HIM WHO IS FREE SHALL STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW!

SO BE IT!!

AACHHH!

HE MOVES AS FAST AS I DO!



BUT-- HOLD ON A SECOND, HERE!

HOW COME NO EYE-BLASTS?

UNLESS-- MAINTAINING THE FORCE-FIELD TAKES ALL HIS POWER--!



AND IF THAT'S THE CASE-- MAYBE ONE GOOD, SOLID LEFT TO THE JAW--

OKAY, BUSTER, THE SERMONETTE'S OVER! IT'S TIME YOU SIGNED OFF--!

OW!!

YOU PITIFUL FOOL!

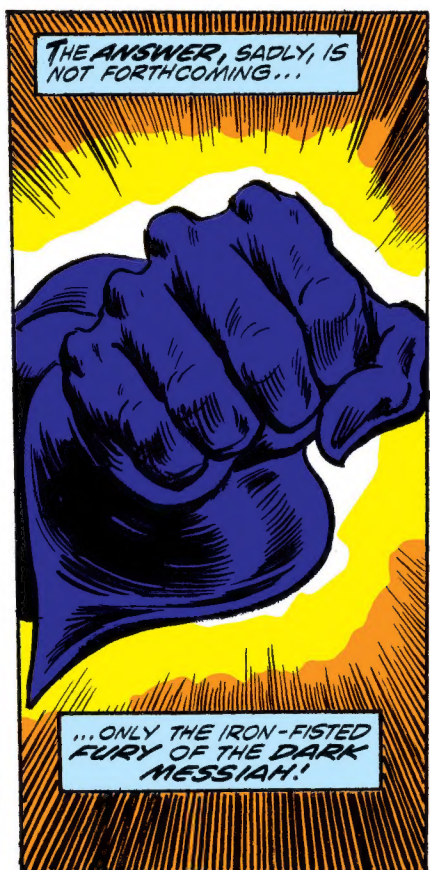
DID YOU TRULY EXPECT A MERE PHYSICAL BLOW TO AFFECT ONE WHOSE POWER IS...THE POWER?



MMMPH! HAND FEELS LIKE I HIT A STONE WALL! JUST HOPE IT'S NOT BROKEN--!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STOP THIS MANIAC...

...BUT-- WHAT??



THE ANSWER, SADLY, IS NOT FORTHCOMING...

...ONLY THE IRON-FISTED FURY OF THE DARK MESSIAH!



LONG ENOUGH
HAVE I DAWDLED
WITH THEE, DEVIL-
SPAWN, I HAVE
THINGS TO DO.

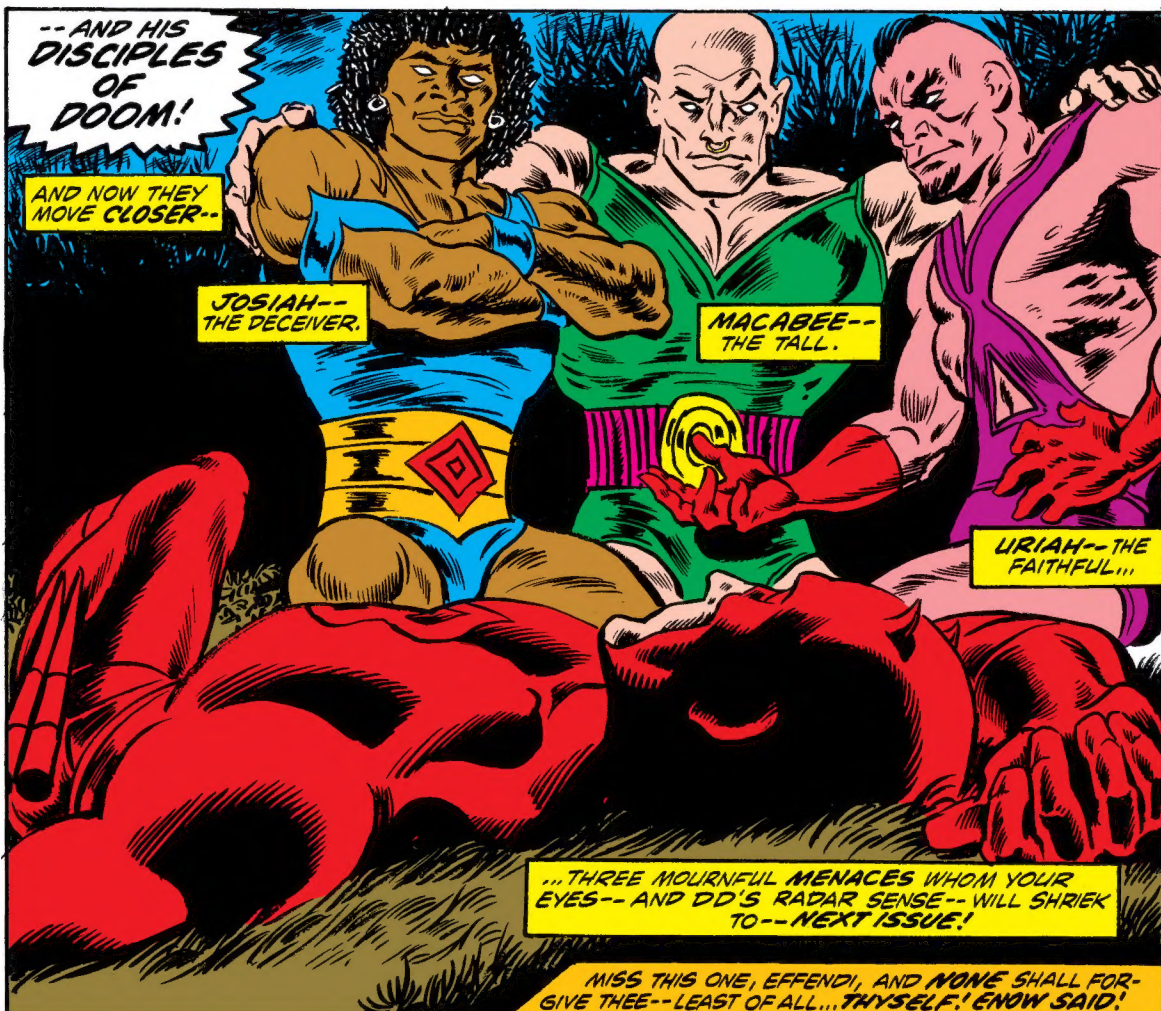
AND SO, YOU
MUST LEARN--
THE MARCH
HAS BEGUN!



I'VE NEVER
BEEN... HIT... SO
HARD! AND NOW
MY RADAR
SENSE-- GOING
MAD! NO-- IT
CAN'T BE!
FOR THE LOVE
OF-- IT CAN'T
BE!!

NOT A
MAN MAY
STOP--

-- THE
DARK
MESSIAH--



-- AND HIS
DISCIPLES
OF
DOOM!

AND NOW THEY
MOVE CLOSER--

JOSIAH--
THE DECEIVER.

MACABEE--
THE TALL.

URIAH-- THE
FAITHFUL!!!

... THREE MOURNFUL MENACES WHOM YOUR
EYES-- AND DD'S RADAR SENSE-- WILL SHRIEK
TO-- NEXT ISSUE!

MISS THIS ONE, EFFENDI, AND NONE SHALL FOR-
GIVE THEE-- LEAST OF ALL... THYSELF. ENOW SAID!